

*The History of*

*Hot.* Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,  
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.  
*La.* Go, yee giddy goose.

*The Musicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the Divell understands *Welsh*.  
And 'tis no marvell he is so humorous,  
Birlady he is a good musician.

*La.* Then would you be nothing but muscical,  
For you are altogether by humours :

Lie still, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

*Hot.* I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Irish*,

*La.* Would'st have thy head broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that ?

*Hot.* Peace, shee sings.

*Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*

*Hot.* Come, I'll have your Song too.

*La.* Not mine in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good sooth ? Hart, you sweare like a com-  
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, & as true as I live, and as  
God shall mend me, and as sure as day :

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,

As if thou never walk'st further then *Finsbury*.

Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth,

And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,

To velvet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.

Come, sing.

*La.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turne taylor or be red-brest teacher:  
and the indentures be drawne, I'll be away within these 2. hours,  
and so come in when you will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord *Adfortimer*, you are slow,

As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

*Henry*

By this our Booke is drawn  
And then to horse immediatly

*Mer.* With all my heart.

*Enter the King, Prince*

*King.* Lords, give us leave  
Must have some private conference  
For we shall presently have  
I know not whether God will  
For some displeasing service  
That in his secret doome, or  
Hee'll breed revengement  
But thou dost in the passage  
Make me beleieve, that thou  
For the hot vengeance and  
To punish my mis-treading  
Could such inordinate and  
Such poore, such bare, such low  
Such barren pleasures, rude  
As thou art matcht withall,  
Accompany the greatnesse  
And hold their levell with

*Prin.* So please your Majesty  
Quite all offences with as  
As well as I am doubtlesse  
My selfe of many I am charg  
Yet such extenuation let me  
As in reproofe of many tale  
Which oft the care of Great  
By smiling pick-thankes, and  
I may for some things true, w  
Hath faulty wandred, and  
Finde pardon on my true su

*King.* God pardon thee, yo  
At thy affections, which doe  
Quite from the sight of all t  
Thy place in Councell thou  
Which by thy yonger Broth  
And art almost an alien to the

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